

The Man Who Followed Me Home from Work

Sean Kilpatrick



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by Sean Kilpatrick

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Contents

The Man Who Followed Me Home from Work.....	9
I Cried.....	10
Business Plan	11
Get Cozy and Die	12
The Intern.....	13
Jingoists.....	15
The Girls Must Dine.....	16
Tour of Michigan Avenue.....	17
(for Christopher Parks).....	17
Emulous Gander Crates Her Body Still	18
my tears were microscopic thumbs	19
Round I	21
Round II.....	21
Piled into Safe Locations	22
Reverse Psychology on the Gods	25
bulletins of the scythe.....	26
Digression	29
The Science of Leaving.....	30
blossom the course	31
Ladies and Gentlemen.....	32
Coughing Hotel.....	33
Stock Report	34
mumbling poem.....	35
Slow Motion	36
Culture.....	37
Jars	38
snapshot.....	39
These Haploid Strokes Played Softly for Neutered Men.....	41
Choke Daylight.....	42
Scalped by Gentle Questions	43
We Interrupt This Program to Bring You a Special Coked-out Message.....	44
From Our Freshly Inaugurated, Misogynist President.....	44
Who is Really Some Bent Cooze-Hound We Found in a Bar	44
Back Home to Georgia.....	46
petite waste-fields of never her.....	48
one photograph survives	51

this is our daughter's hair.....	52
I. – found her	52
II.– my wife	53
III – wife: some children die just like their parents	54
Dear Tristan,	56
I Thought About You and Cried and Wrote a National Anthem	
on my Ribcage	57
Piety	58
Victimology	59
I. No child of this polite century.	59
II. Fashionably Dead.....	60
III. impressive	61
Pick-Up Lines	64
The Year of Getting Lonely.....	65
Whip Bam Boo and Hello Son	66
Cigarettes	67
Room without Mirrors.....	68
Milking the In-Laws and Other Clichés.....	69
My Address is that Flower.....	70
I Discovered War.....	71
Wheelbarrow	72
Small Crush.....	73
Orders	74
Trophies	75
Protea Flowers	76
On My Grave	77
Some Cheese.....	78
Mockery	79
Skinny Dan's Pelt Emporium	80
young woman's complaint to her intemperate roommates	81
First Thoughts of a Dehydrated	82
Journalist Visiting the Jonestown Remains	82
Hitler-Shaped Valentines	85
Impoliteness.....	86
Preface: Raconteur Program for the Freshly Castrated.....	87

The Man Who Followed Me Home from Work

The Man Who Followed Me Home from Work

hit me so hard I could smell my brain.

My wife began to love him.

He rejected her because her back was pale.

I gave him every sleeve in my dresser.

He let us apply salve. We didn't deserve salve.

We cried for him in a lapse of nights I don't remember
because he wasn't there to beat me.

I missed the man who followed me home from work
so loudly that when I sobbed the city dove up
around my waist like a skirt and begged for kisses.

Everybody begs I said. Everybody is discount.

The man who followed me home from work
sang me racial slurs until my heart got swollen.

I pawed storefronts and was arrested.

He finally held me like I needed to be held,
in handcuffs.

I Cried

I cried because the fire was beautiful,
Not because I loved my house.

I cried because there were so many other buildings
That the flames would never reach.

I cried the womanly hell from my patience,
Fingers abright with fresh joy.

I cried hot tears my shadow played
Across the lawn like evening.

I cried imitating former properties
To perverse their melt.

I cried, is pity that desirable? If so,
I have buried my salt in the awnings of lust.

I cried as the cameras jogged closer.
How does it make you feel?

I cried the wet tar off my arms.
It popped and ran like someone's flesh.

I cried into a circle of my asphyxiated pets;
Posed as runners, unnecessary.

Yes, I cried for the soon-dead heat.
My destroyer was not immortal.

Business Plan

In ten years I'll be writing stories about my mother for New York magazines.

I'll be chewed by sundials until cancer fills my pocket.

I'll pawn my toys for a statue made of bleach.

My hair will leave for a smarter head.

My laundry will become indignant.

My armpits will remain great tragedies of the south.

Remain useless to German engineers.

Remain wet and followed.

Remain, will not remain.

In ten years I'll be a reverend in the church of cut-you-loose.

I'll cry until the weather stops.

I'll bring one inch of brain to clog the river.

One inch of hell to sip my tea.

One inch of girl to bark out yesterdays.

One inch of backyard polished smooth by nighttimes.

Polished sick with flowers.

Polished small by accusation.

Polished into polish.

Get Cozy and Die

Leukemia is my party hat.
Flowers gay for dog piss.
Ribbit licks your jaw.
All floors are an ethnic fart.
Rubber band cuticles work better.

You, prancing into rooms
stuffed with Kleenex,
pools of looking back
sinew my conscience.

All my goose-steps are pink and lonely.
Ghetto your eyes into a soup of bedrooms.

Oh, look, my painting spat on Gandhi.
Oh, look at the city purring sex crimes.

Get cozy and die.

The Intern

Sir, a crucifix
of dog tongues
in the mailbox?

They drew
on my bladder
with crayons.

Sir, but the couch
in plastic decades
has suffered one
darling's fog.

Oh, with the
nightstick fetish.
I stuffed mouthwash
in her jeans.

Sir, sweat
has never killed
my enemy.

Use a kiss
next time.
Cry about love.

Sir, everyday
the missus
humps my face
clean of wet.
She's big into killing.

Then tattoo
my phone number
all over her
Bill Plympton.

Sir, you sly death,
don't play.

The doc
who birthed me
lost his ethics card.

Sir, are your
sweat shop babies
allowed to sing?"

Yes, about you,
for example, and
pink eye, on tubas
made of nazi gold.

Sir, such flattery
I don't deserve.

Agreed.
Go lay down.

Jingoists

We crazy-glued
the Karma Sutra
to the wall,
sniffed the rest
of the stick,
studied.
Reading slowed
our circulation.
We gave up and
went down to
the Iron Cross
to get some
fried eggs.
The chef was
handing out
free moustaches.
We pressed them on
and felt like bastards.
“It hurts
to cook you
these eggs,”
said the chef.
We promised
never to read
again.

The Girls Must Dine

Bring your keratin purse the girls must dine
The table cloth negotiates its fixture
Waiters stuff them with please and thank you
They're laughing
A turpentine texture

Crush three fingers the girls must dine
On each broken space
And lap the contents full
Hurts deliciously
Like a professional

Trepan red string the girls must dine
And floss noon out of their gums
It's a sin
Taping yourself together that well
Darling

Sail origami Washingtons the girls must dine
In slouching rhyme no reason worth the telling
Always despise the better-nourished
They sip on
Your shortcomings

Peck the sky's crotch with your fork the girls must dine
Today this sun in its Pleather skirt of vanishing points
What a monumental five dollar ass
To kiss to kiss oh yes
The boys must also dine

**Tour of Michigan Avenue
(for Christopher Parks)**

Death is a cream-slick throat of cities.
Roofs descend and anatomize

sidewalk after sidewalk; an unfamiliar
coffin of streets sunk into, like teeth

warping the body of an apple, like
a gravity of hornets in my cystoscope.

And the skin-drunk maggots of love
have marked me into their daily planner.

Now I can only explain.
I don't want explanation.

The rope came out of my mother
around my neck in the shape of a heart.

All hearts, malfunctioning clocks.
All minds, to sting the dirt.

Every second begs to claw the living.
Every living strings away itself.

Plant my worries in the mausoleum.
They will flower through the ribs of time.

Home is a shining molecular clot.
Follow the knife that gulps my face.

Emulous Gander Crates Her Body Still

the gantry slope
of faces gown
her waist like battleship

O streetward chorus
plop the grave
herpetetic televangelists

who offer dorm room
salvation and orgy palisades
to sip one yard
of her antiquity

between our stomachs'
curvature bend inward
a silhouette unforgiving
as upside down
her notwithstanding
bounce the noon apart

and spindly jade
of chest suckplow
in nightless fields

their lawns
our bedmates

their fingers
wet with trying

a breath
on crutches
goes with her

toward life or
something
more indignant

my tears were microscopic thumbs

if she scraped herself
into a horde of buckets

the humble sacred trinity

adorned my letters
with tiny scarves

until they sang they sang

brought toilet paper
to the sleepy machines

small teeth small teeth

wiped my neighbor's ass
with asbestos

still crying crying quietly

I would not take a bus south

I would careen
like a baptized mutt

strip naked the freshly bathed lawns
find worms and swim

swim with them
home to china
and love another

instead
even though her arms
were matchstick thin
she cradled my weaknesses

floated me into a bay
of kerosene
and went

and me too

Knife Fighter's Ode

Round I

Grown ache of my pupils,
like a hallmark card for gangrene,
like being whipped with roses,
poked through the noose and singing.

Momma says the most handsome
tortures are for the innocent.

Momma says horses stamp like salesmen
at the gates of hell and back.

I have two iron planks to sell
through the heart of any man.

Round II

Baked in my diaper,
like an engine told it is a shirt,
like a moustache without a face,
stuck on fly paper, dancing a twitch.

Momma says roll my teeth in flour.
Cook me a smile, momma.

Momma says water is not healthy,
drink nothing in my house.

I would never drink from a man's heart,
though I may cut it out.

Piled into Safe Locations

The girl with the kiddie pool
bunched around her feet
is performing a maladroitness
sex show on my precious lawn.

"Go hum like penicillin
in his mechanized tulips
to cure the clap of every thought,"
she encourages.

This pentagram of brats,
spotted and dripped over,
has queued around her.
They disobediently strum
their bathing suits.

"Why must everyone's property value
be subjugated to my S&M nightmares?"
I snivel into my folded wall of hands,
tear ducts lapping back a certain
TV dinner nostalgia.

Now, out of the pitch vacuum
of the girl's smeared-open mouth
gunning into segments through the innocent
screen of my front porch, comes
a generous selection of neckties.

Piled into safe locations,
my neighbors are stuck
dialing the headquarters
of one government agency
after the other.

I clock her gifts around me,
considering how to fill out
a police report with gentle regret.

On the bottom, I write:
"Remember to thank girl

for wardrobe accessories
before pulling switch.”

Melodramatic Corollaries

Your veiling gestures
Subject to rigor mortis

How the bed props our lies
Subject to drooled assumptions

A cough to hide our pretense
Subject to gunpowder enema

The nights charted by gulping
Subject to hate and tears

Your appearance in a crowded room
Subject to accusation

With a young boy
Subject to obituaries

Skirt caught around your hips
Subject to autoerotic asphyxiation

I crawl into myself
Subject to bad posture

The safe jackets of skin I call hands
Subject to jealousy

Standing still in the shower
Subject to preternatural stares

You crave protection
Subject to stylized rape

I hope to die alone
Subject to frightened laughter

You give birth in these positions
Subject to gritting teeth all day

Reverse Psychology on the Gods

If I could purchase a field of skinny pistons
in the shape of her hair when neglected,
pummeled by skyline and breeze,
which she often refers to as rape
and good will –

I know those two and they box
their lust. Trust me. She's very defensive.

I avoid phones in self-defense. Her boys
want to drag me behind a curtain
and give me a sleeping shot.
Surprisingly, I refuse to let this happen.

If the world is an engine bathed in dirt
archaeologists are to mechanics
as Armageddon is to a wet
t-shirt contest. The curtain calls.

She is using reverse psychology
on the gods to get me dead.
I pretend to be on her side
and then gun her down
with three cheers.

About those turbines. They are
the benefaction of autopsy, the suck
of fleas, the DNA of locomotion,
the glazed pews of courtrooms,
the mucus of grinning wolves.

They rocket us into obscurity
and all we can do is keep
feeding them and
feeding them
ourselves.

bulletins of the scythe

a bull horn to punctuate
the dreams of children
must say nail your parents
to their headboard

build a playpen
to store your arsenal
drag the money cup
to nurse their fetish

but our traps
caught no entirety
just legs gnawed off
at the socket
fine
we'll use them
to frame pictures
of our dull-mouthed
families in heat

all we need to drink is oil
all we need to eat is each other
all kissing is done
in the open sore
of consciousness

thank you, death
your sickle cured my life
your toes for the morning suck
we worship best
in our pajamas
we kill hardest
that which needs care
and play spin-the-bottle
after every autopsy

the alarm clock has us at gunpoint
counting is a suburban privilege
surrender your sequined hours
bowing is a night-long effort these days

it's true that no one can empathize
like your molester

go green over the country's cross of hope

go anthill down

the better trash of time

we dial tone our caring ones

with vinegar

go untouched by sanitation

while the mountains

of my knuckle uproot

go bathed and dangling

continents

toward dirtless

ceilings of night

o the children

on their mattresses

with knees like silken treasure

Digression

She derails cadavers with a penny on the slab.
Next, she tries quarters and Louie Louie
belches through several neck wounds.

The market is hot. Meat is on the rise.
She is rich with decay, but no one will
send her flowers. No one will transform
her corpse into a piggy bank.

"To hell with Wall Street," she says, "it's cool."
She digresses, "The crows get lazy, man,
nest in my pocket." And it really is
like blood in a freezer every time
she counts her change...

Relatives of the departed tear up
for the lie parade. More frowns press
her shoulders. When the lights are shot,
she is well aware and free of charge.
Lines queue to touch her. Traffic swells
through the window. Her lace wardrobes
are donated to the morgue against her will.

"The bastards have had me. That orgy was hell."
Frozen into grey positions of struggle
(rigor mortis, to her, is like a round of applause),
an old man sits woodenly, no lips on his skull,
only nature's brace props him, her fingers
comb what's left of his hair.

She wants to look good when she says this:
"Fear is never a complaint, grandpa.
It's just what happens when you wake up."

The Science of Leaving

Conclusion One

You take the gas can from my eyes.
It sings about afternoons of hate.
You hold the gas can and whisper threateningly.
The police ask if you forgot your umbrella.
“Will you build us martinis?” They ask.
“I’ve been handed better death than this.” You say.
You never loved me.

Second Conclusion

I injected my computer with sperm.
It sat up, talked about nothing for hours,
and then left me for a bigger household.
I screamed, “You forgot your tampon castle!”
and went and knocked that castle down.
“Every day is a tampon castle.”

Hypothesis City

When robots fuck are their pupils shaped like gasoline?
What obligations are required of objects that I hump?
Is masturbation the same as typing on a computer?
Does sex exist, do orgasms happen?
Print your address below. (Cocksucker.)

Experiment Itself

Look, the swine are fencing their butchers.
Neither group is winning, thank someone.
I refuse to talk about pirates.
How’s your liver?
So far, so good...and bleeding.

blossom the course

your progress
clicks my muscles
into new continents

lubricates the alcoves
where i once slept standing

the old man hum
of your fish-fly silhouette
quells the onset noontide

my tantrums
without you

drawl in
the spittoon
orchids

draped around

your knuckles

like how clouds

disguise the planet

i blossom the course

it is a pissing

girlish lecture

an un-hugged toilet

a picture on a cell phone

an oblong cow-eye

swelling thru the blinds

at no one's

simple business

Ladies and Gentlemen

We have been passed through the bladder of time,
Raked together by gentle machination,
Noses hooked under some new
Floundering in the scimitar dusk,
To congregate a sales pitch worthy of homicide

Where perception is manufactured
And the frowning train-cars segue
Into prison barracks, over-stuffed and
Glorified on the back of every tax bill.
They will force us into huts smaller than

A fingernail. we will lick their sunsets
Raw. fuck how their chemistry
Tells us to. make dances of their children's
Names. quietly withstand the snoring
Thievery of capitol. Machines

Pull the whoring atmosphere,
Encrypt our groins with abscess,
Looking down at the continuous flex
Of sky, in a hundred dollar pinch,
We expel serendipitous hallelujahs.

Coughing Hotel

Room Paranoia:

Claustrophobic sidewalks are
the architecture of my brain.

This suburban triforium
of well-policed shrugs
fucking up my lunch
becomes a collar and
the assonance of my expanding
stomach (its worthless rhythms)
drawn into a breath of dollar signs
knows I faked all those prayers.

The black machinery of say pretend
subordinates my bedtime.

Room Silly Apocalypse:

She is continually loved by strangers,
a condition that my squeezing
her initiates like an
eighties synthetic drum bop
(realigning her digestive tract
into DNA necklaces)
and I say each one
of these ribs is
a radioactive chandelier.

Can't stop pointing
when she cries that well.

Stock Report

As the sun kills everything,
my chuckles
overtake the city,

as the girls starve,
I keep
their showers warm,

as the till box
becomes lush with freckles,
I peer into bigger wounds,

as the military paws
each sewer for
a shiny pink barrette,

as breakfast gout
stalls my blood
one more day,

as park bench lovers
tug my eyes
through cone-shaped drool,

you're all senators to me, senator.

mumbling poem

paragutha trade mark

dis lax of will

froth klutes inna version

sum of time strewn gloss

where at the versile lith

come spinning out

vestibules on sale on sale

hamhock president

vice stereo disease

secretary of gonorrhea

scratch red aisles of europe man

belted cusp of necktie roves

flit gumption hallway

scream shadows my fiber

unsung the doodad night

did offer jealous sighs

Slow Motion

There are gorgeous fines
in this country for
if you stop walking.

Atlas' dead hat
stops the dam
like sex.

The dated chore:
to get off,
to like anything.

Puke up
the tapeworm
of humanity.

In slow motion,
always in
slow motion.

Culture

I want to fuck Gertrude Stein
in her rocking chair
because she is
guilty of blinking.

A small room with candles
skipping jump rope.
I donate my moustache
to their cause.

I cattle call
my hammer and sickle
to dance in her throaty meats
and all of Europe's fatigue
can go home drunk
to humpback officers
spelling love
with my one
cut genital.

Jars

Jars is already Russia a crying face please with egg-brown room. Jars in Russia behind the crying face. Jars small clutches of night in snow-crazed Russia. What is alive behind this room crying night is here. It is Russia all over. Jars room in the crying face behind already an egg brown Russia.

snapshot

falsetto haircuts
groomed my intermission

civil servants and jerky
understand? I took snapshots

I couldn't peer
through her swollen
light of a giant kidney

or feathers laced with brick

but those useless sailboats
she toed between my symbiotic
bath-frenzy thighs

I made love to the dirt
where they buried her

the white ceiling of earth
was no anywhere virgin

dancing like some venereal Christ

neglected veins chirped
puppy-dog opium

brutalized my elbows in the attic

her mile-wide ribcage
sang me into a massacre
of inescapable naptimes

our peeling cuticle woke the neighbors
I traveled across the bed to measure her lips

tiny confused reptiles

the violinists lectured
our goose bumps

fluorescent mist of skin extinguished

the half-moon
of her face like
an emptied syringe

she clutched my hand

her neck
was a forest
of albino trees

I bent to walk with her

car loads of men
emptied into our space

in hell they framed our picture

her breasts were frozen jumping-jacks
her voice like an aggressive necktie

when she crossed her legs
it was a threat to national security

with a parasitic smirk
I always hated truth

we sang our boring epitaphs

her eyes were a
promotion of our departure

These Haploid Strokes Played Softly for Neutered Men

pitched across the bed
like death'siren
gravity calls
the skin home
ghetto blue

lit as parsley swallows
fax machine ridge
pinching like a childfist
around the diagonal horizon

no one
bites
their nails
anymore

no one
complains
with a
cumshot

Choke Daylight

I taste
salty minutes

a simple torture
dead cars pummeling

the avenue you leak
and gulp

my body
licks the curves
of your absence

I am a slave colony
digging your blank space

you are flattening your cheeks
against another skull

green syrup
of embarrassed laughter

serviced

this entanglement
of well-dressed sinew
and creamy socks

like an anthrax love letter
displays our
platitude

Scalped by Gentle Questions

“Make sense who may.
I switch off.”
– Samuel Beckett, *What Where*

Have I caught you rehearsing some kind
of anatomical squish focused in my direction?

You were going to laugh me into a new bathroom of thought,
anything close to squeaky, like that brain of yours?

Did we ever curl in unison?
Were your traveling lips gift-wrapped?
Did we form a little congress where you held me?
Did your lungs go pitter-pat with reddening linguistic charm?
Did our love handles barf out powered bakeries of yes, yes?

Awesome, then what?
Cliché phrase darling, wear my patience like a leash, not thin,
isn't the weight of your affection enough to kill a black hole?
Doesn't the plastic cringe of groceries make you cry?

Have you really counted my beauty marks?
Must we play connect the dots?
Do you see us laughing together over grand pianos?
Is it because I'm pale, small, and hate you?

If I said no forever would the universe leak oil?
You wouldn't allow your eyes to close and find safety, would you?
Didn't you say things were better like that?
But they still could hear you breathing, right?

**We Interrupt This Program to Bring You a Special Coked-out Message
From Our Freshly Inaugurated, Misogynist President
Who is Really Some Bent Cooze-Hound We Found in a Bar**

That we are a nation of women
always hugging goodbye
is reason enough
to use our bombs against us.

Here come the nails
of a miraculous breed
to claw each other into sludge
and rat out their mothers.

Wipe my eyes like alcohol
across the sky's bloody face.

All the spinning while,
razors perform, close.

So, please, bend my sex.

I cover my ears to the machine-breath waterfall
enveloping night's customary discord.

I turn to some bushes and say:
Help me learn to piss without clenching.

Their hands draw sharp circles,
until veins separate from meat
and the stink comes, splashing red.

I hug everybody
into a dizzy composite
of semi-erections.

Gawk at the proudly flashing lights
of murderous officials.

My coat-rack nipples
carry your eyes' weight

And to think, my kind
was once mutilated
in alleys.

Hacked up slivers
of my perfumed skin,
bunching away
like unoccupied blankets.

My falling bones,
white glimmer of saw-dust.

I once went smiling
under my husband's blade.

These days my extroverted revenge
therapy is a limp press
and warm pat on the back, saying
thank you
right in your face
for listening.

Back Home to Georgia

an' if you see that horizon
pinchin' up like a nailed eyelid
spin your palms around
somethin' cold and slippery

crusted glow
pinches shut the dawn
forty-seven days
and an inside-out sneeze
had it comin'

no hip grimace
of seaweed teeth reeks
like an old woman's purse
so squeak out your indexes
archive your busted knees
thicker than a lawnmower bag
filled with burnt-down hollers

chase your sex doll
with a wedding ring

its chipper
tease-assed
attic-flavored lips
hungry for touch

and you too man
gotta be thirsty
for some poke
or make do
with a cup
of pillow grab

bang the coffins
until they toss out
wet handshakes

knotted thumbs
will address

my porch
about latex

we smell
we smell
procrastination
running our strokes
back home to Georgia

petite waste-fields of never her

sing traffic lullabies
on city spine
(her shoes lactate
blue shadow)
and i am made
jealous by furniture

the striped shrug
of a couch
she once laid on

chairs mobbing
my dinner table
the six of us
frown for her

i measure each glass
(the volume
of her kiss)

obsequious dishes
her hands washed you

i lecture the floor
because it
always carried her
with so much love

too much love

she calls my
answering machine
every time she
has sex with him

i play them
rabidly

they are
a big

favorite
here

Trans Am

I build a twenty minute sorrow in cop bedrooms,
confessing up and down the street:
Kayla has two braids.
Shove them up my friend
doing the interrogation waltz
because I stretch her out
with pregnancy every twelve months.
I make a rictus, am rocked
by intestinal glee. The loaves are done
at night. I don't deserve this
Trans Am. I pirouette
illegally.

one photograph survives

pitch of background
blue salt traces your lips
the world fails just for you

i pet the jump
smooth gums
of your lighting

you are a brain-colored fence
housed by inferior landscapes

please void my sentence

you were never bagged
into my guts as leaves die

instead i've benched your shoulders
with a confusion of want

so bold celluloid
motorcycles fuck off

this is our daughter's hair

I. – found her

I found her tucked
into a notch on the side
of a dumpster
behind the school

paint from a fingernail

I found her wedged
between the bars
of her desk

it tugged out some hair

her hair was long
so we kept it
braided
around our throats

will you chew
the necklace
of her grave
with us?

II.– my wife

you have pushed
twenty miles of air
and snot and blood-
coated muscle just
into this suicide
repetition of awakenings

you cry with your fingers
skyscrapers of mascara
a warm atrocity

we have forgotten
she has decayed
between our hips
and we are
pawing dreamscapes
in tandem

you are being false
on telephones or I see
your nose upside down

how your mouth
implodes
or my spleen
rising above
a chair
means nothing

besides
if you finally
break
down
now
after all this time
your lungs
might collapse

but you say
you hugged her coffin
and no longer care

III – wife: some children die just like their parents

she grabbed her chest
a small gesture
her breath emptied
she pulled again
for atmosphere
for anything
she dropped to one knee
eyes panicking
shocked gasps
her body arched
sputum crowded her chin
the floor brought her to it
she quivered there
like meat if you could
plug it into the wall
slapping against
the tiles I couldn't
hear the operator
I was holding her
her legs kicked
until the muscles
under her skin
parted
I could smell
the yawn of piss
saturating her overalls

she will never fuck
envision her
making them
want to die
afterwards
all that love
she'd help maim
her cunt is ash
and a million
tongues inside
have already
dried up
dropped from

the backs of skulls

I kept pressing my face
into the cupboard
until my front teeth
bent in
remember the doctor's bill?

Dear Tristan,

My face is an interior perched with fear. I had
post-copulate blubbering yesterday. I was
sweating bathtubs. She wanted to jerk off my veins
with a razor. Please send help or undulation of spice.
Skin is a lie the muscles tell. I have too many.
Too many nerve endings. I never blink.
Oh, and her spine,
a lobby of pre-constructed mortuaries,
echoed no more.
No more nostalgia.

PS

Lacey music, fast food pornography,
a commercial ruse, a wrinkled bomb
of hands clap the sky piano-tuned
with diabetic velocity.

I need Terrarium Vaseline Ostriches
to lick the Clorox shapely clinical
(or Glockenspiel my sidewalk butter.)
You have sold me
into this slavery of caring.

I Thought About You and Cried and Wrote a National Anthem on my Ribcage

It is wrong to disguise your feet as lemons.
It is wrong to tremble while pouring lemonade.
It is wrong to roll down the stairs yelling: "Squish! Squish!"
It is wrong to chloroform a tree and rub against it for six hours.
It is wrong to offer the mirror a drink.
It is wrong to prop a skull on toothpicks.
It is wrong to smile in the evening.
It is wrong to wave razors at the sky.
It is wrong to apply make-up to the living.
It is wrong to cry against your sleeve on any holiday.
It is wrong to caress anything that moves.
It is wrong to take a mouse out of its wheel chair and giggle.
It is wrong to dress your freckles in WWI helmets.
It is wrong to whistle like a bomb when you swing on a swing set.
It is wrong to only shoplift chap-stick and giant stuffed aye-eyes.
It is wrong to be young in the decade of skeletons.
It is wrong to leave the room if I am your pet.
It is wrong to operate on my fur with a violin.
It is wrong to put me to sleep in curtains of milk.
It is wrong to fold your big eyes into origami sex toys.
It is wrong to aim wine bottles at people and call it an inquisition.
It is wrong to wave your hand without permission from the radio.
It is wrong to kill a centipede without having first been in love.

Piety

When blinking at Christ is another chore,
it helps to draw a laundry list of kneeling.
Dragging ass to kiss the grail, ichor puddles
our scalps, slows the procession. Days pass
in the ripple. Feminine lengths metastasize.
Hammocks swing their bones in a thong
of lichen, teasing until crab-apple trees
finally cater.

For all occasions we refuse to self-destruct
by accident. Recall magistrates
housing their tans in the lipstick sundown.
These garden monuments liquefy diurnally,
holocaust shade waxed ear-to-ear.
“Take off,” jealous parties moan,
“that mosaic of genitalia before
every torture goes out of fashion.”

Night after bed sick night, homecoming
for every wrinkle, they fumble stains.
We braid our kindness into their stretchers.
Paramedics glue more smiles on.
Time to work the Jesus Axe.

Victimology

I. No child of this polite century.

You have instructions: stay sensual.
Someone clean will escape.
Let the bouquet tell her victim
what price these days is growing.
Know the science of fear before leaving your house.
Some people are bent apart groin first.
It's natural. Let's not concern politics.
Bargain sale, even at bend one of the spine's evolution.
The world has suffered its population guiltily.
Now the schedule fills: daily blood, daily hero.
A hero is someone with good publicity.
Erstwhile, pull your shifting exhibition.
Laughter slips like China up your nylons
as the unharmed crowd goes home.
Everyone has been peeled once or thinks they know.
Plan your accusations well.
Send condolences anonymously; send rape flowers.
They always reap the nervous stitch by talking
anyway. No child of this century is polite.
Benefit: refuse to understand.

II. Fashionably Dead

I was delivered, hands at three and nine, a wrist-watch Christ,
guilty for Coca-Cola, cock tease billboards towering
over projects nationwide, Mickey Mouse with all
his rectal sutures combed loose in the overhead:
That was the influence of my birth.

I am killed in the shrugging post-dinner walk.
Struck dead often by incomprehensible welfares.
I have been caught, without slurs,
sighing the newspaper closed.

It really pinches, muting one's life to commerce.
Think what miserable pounds I peddle
and sympathize. A poor excuse for breathing,
I will live from shoulder to shoulder.
Break down while using a tampon.
My friends, purpled by varicose gossip,
trays of cow like dead mirrors in the kitchen,
fiddling loose their jealousies, and my husband,
a stronger dose needed to lift his eyes to mine.
Share the pills – so I can stuff them into my wound.

III. impressive

every street leads to a hospital.
every bitch is a professional at bleeding.
every memoir is the spunk of honkies.
every idea, my kid-scrape.
every wink shut twill a sparkling opera.
every three-inch day and bad aerobics.
every time i eat a cheeseburger i miss you.

no scythed closer trim
will bend out its pepper meals
more pleasingly.
trust me,
no one's tin foil hat
shows their reflection.

it is nothing to warm strangers like this.
death in the folds of you.
folded-over pillow girl.
hit god on the cell phone.
get Christ up your cunt
and call the Ghostbusters.
i am your Moses.
you are my Red Sea.
keep the boomerang pussy
smiling next time I loan
you my street

IV. *we always bring the chalk*

we always bring the chalk
we plug our snouts
with it
trace the scene
half-bent
your blood is
an old friend
and for a price
we'll fix you
ma'am
did he cum
inside
or
pull it out
and hide
the mess
somewhere
like maybe
your purse
socks
or under
your tongue
are you still
crying
did you
know his
touch
look at me
what were
you doing
this late
dressed so
and also
this isn't
near any
safe haven
are you still
bleeding
ma'am ma'am ma'am
we'll catch
this fucking

scum motherfucker
who the fuck would
shove it in
that far
without asking
he's dead
yes
ma'am
listen
don't worry
trust us
he's
fucked

Pick-Up Lines

I slip in your blood raise the sails and fuck else
Not coming toward me barefoot on the porch
Tease you deserve this letter Dear Her Lips
Another rejected submission from the Holocaust Museum
Close your legs Slip and Slide Momma or take me
Someplace sparkling with chemicals like retail death
Rude prices nuke the small business man
Murder with a smile I clap my whatever's left
Because anyone who has ever loved you is a hangnail
And here come the teeth here come the cerebral palsy assassins
Their switchblade surgery gets political down my throat
The blunt season of my speech has been operated away
So I am cussing you out with flash cards
Welsh paper-cut fetishist
Zen-lacking child woman
Snowy auto-part face (flip card)
Of thin make-out tortures
I've packaged the most derogatory hate ever slung
Into a marriage proposal framed by used toilet paper
And dead grandchildren all named Lucky
A fiesta in the nuthouse I'll bring the party hats
Please admit one snake-haired maiden happy with distances
Dust off your corporate weekend twitch
Let's do the Charleston on your restraining order
Catch me longing for the wet bark of your dance
I sing lullabies like the refrigerator to its leftovers
Upon the tiny sail of my pen I must take you
Through abbreviated waters starting between your legs
Ending out the dance floor spigot of your noisy patience
My freshly won homeland one Mrs. Bananarama

The Year of Getting Lonely

I am the child of Who Cares. Don't touch me. Just pray.
Numb my slender everywhere and go dying into the sink
of your greed. Now fold yourself up and lace my toes
around each thought. Bake loaves of my jam in your esophagus.
Crawl my yeast up your brain and the dogs will sing about regret.
About our bed sheets. About how you researched each movement
before making it. Sometimes months went by before you pulled out.

I am the child of Who Cares and their armies come harder
and never stop. Do you put your sperm in tiny uniforms?
I shed a tear for every packed rubber. The lullaby of your cock
is sad. I am so sniffed out illegal and making you love me.
Even my pet squirrel has a scale-to-size judge wig ready.
He wants to hang like a reminder noose from our fingers,
but I could really use a back massage instead.

I am the child of Who Cares. Welcome to the year of getting lonely.
I saved you a knife. It smells like me. Start between each minute
I am away, being caressed. Divide the length of your arms
into bloody discs and spell my name. Now use what's left
to squat and chew. Now pretend you like it. Now forget
to swallow. Now choke on me. Now choke. Choke.
I guess you really love me. Yay.

Whip Bam Boo and Hello Son

I hang through white stomas of cloud
like a milk stench finger, curled and wanting.

I play dead beneath the hair-thick arms of flies.
Angry whispers vacuum my brain.

I am kissed by a Tommy gun with an eye patch,
gleaming smoke like busted rubbers.

I bleed in a forest of microphones.
Each drop sings the national anthem.

I submit to mini-malls of plastic cleavage,
gossiping my sperm into bite-sized hearts.

I pet my hernia as the wind groans across your stomach.
Your lover speaks of touched faces, but my dead hands must sail.

I pose biting cheese for typhoid apertures.
This cigar would taste better with your hair in it.

I've memorized today's line up in endless county morgues.
I only want to kiss parts of you that have been weighed.

Cigarettes

I hadn't been to war, so they took my underwear,
girlfriend and, more importantly, cigarettes.
I was all about thank you in the days of setting fire.
It killed them to see that my smile hadn't fallen out
like theirs; those James Dean soldiers
along the median in poses labeled 'fuck it,'
sucking their thumbs till the skin fell off. Never
a graft of red slides to hell. Throughout my adult
entirety, politicians wearing newspaper
caps, arching dead bellies get me indignant.
They journeyed to kill my super
delicate expenses. My treacherous wallet
on the cover of Time jumped over
everyone's morale. It hurt like a brimstone knot.
Even my blanket screamed Voltaire.

Room without Mirrors

Forty people will die. Just let them. A room without mirrors
wants to shut us down
with applause.

Just dance.

My suicide note
lasts two weeks.

You will use me
until I keep you
in this town. I am the victim of a musical.

We are suddenly in a musical.

Your hair is too big for this room.

At the strip club,
you are in someone's apartment, showing your stomach.

It gets my clothes. I lower your parts.

They are telling us to leave
me at the door
with nails in my hands.

Milking the In-Laws and Other Clichés

I insist on meeting your mother,
milking her like a cow, in fact.
Carry her out, rocking chair and all,
for the meatier lustfuls to suck on.
Children and dogs get your greedy
bucket-shaped pupils in line.

I've been practicing how to sit down
for years. Soon I will be my own boss.
I'll spend company vacations on fire.
Benefits include the most swollen breast
until either I or it turns grey and withers dead.

My hump is in storage, you little toast.
Pick the floral umbrage of your stomach.
I want to see you continuing upward
in a more permanent clench.

The mercurial diarrhea of your generosity
helps everything die better.
So, the command list ends.
I need you no more.

P.S. – I told the insurance agency
to prank you with good news.

My Address is that Flower

I molested your birth certificate.
I drove a unicycle into your mother.
I tripped you with my foreskin.
I got naked and chased your pet with a guitar.
I smeared diarrhea on your clothesline.
I threatened your bad skin with a calculator.
I brushed the sleeve of my sweater on your cornea.
I stuttered your grandma's maiden name during intercourse.
I dispatched midgets to reek your hatch spot.
I said, jizz canteen, glucose dumpster, sperm talker, rank bro pit hair love.

My address is that flower.

I don't know how to play guitar or have intercourse.
I don't know how to bark at something until it dies.
I don't know why you whipped another boy with your spine.
I don't know how to kill you long enough to say thanks.
I don't know why I sold my crotch to Ginsu.
I don't know why my favorite cliché is kissing other people's sperm off your lips.
I don't know how to convince my bed it is not a child.

I Discovered War

I discovered war by talking,
praise my throat and psalms,
stuff a treaty in my promise;
politicians won't come back.

I tell you the evidence of my hands,
earth woke spent in its separate mornings;
you could have reassembled the sweat
into a glacier of bed sheets.

You sat up knowing orbits clap.
The turf felt spectacular without legs.
I don't know. Your bed was sinking colors,
like being chased by a skin graft;

anything that can hug you should not be trusted.

Wheelbarrow

We live in houses shaped by the song of airplanes.
Think of your body as glass and when it breaks you understand.
Our dinner table is in the street. We pray in the street without food.
We purr like dead bracelets to what god made this.

I'm looking for my son.
I use a wheelbarrow.
First his arm.
The wheelbarrow
is heavier
than his arm.
His clothes are
on the roof.
They don't
smell like him
anymore.

We live in houses shaped by war, by the teeth of war,
and we are happy to sit through anything, filial teeth of war.
Huddling girls clog this city. We hate them. Who
is calling for their son? Who left us here alive?

Who was cruel enough to do that?

Small Crush

This bitch folds things cock-eyed
and leaks Saturday,
pierces her thighs with Goya,
telephones the lottery
to brag about her boyfriend's size,
cleans the toilet
with duct tape and voodoo dolls.

This bitch drowns the block in hairless awe.

All caviar to bless my sheets,
worms dictate her love letter,
if you're going to be morbid
do it in half-assed shudders,
she says.

The puppets copulate in terror,
bleach of names come spilling cryptic,
I said that, I said that,
gossip politely about the holocaust
running down my lips at 4 AM.

Orders

people who take baths
shoot them in the suitcase

people who move and speak
kill their yearbooks

people who know algebra
insult their socks

people who don't care
arbitrate their kisses

people who say meaning
smother them with cannons

people who dream
bury their toes in glass

people who think they can write
steal what they love

people who smell like g-strings
bomb them with their own reflections

people who sneeze without hatred
glue diapers to their armpits

people who read the newspaper
murder themselves

Trophies

the rubble
disguised as your birth

the father
loading your memory with penicillin

until trees blacken these paragraphs
you call leaking wounds

one squeeze of chemical precision
file my nails into trophies

I haven't seen
you sweat

in twenty years

Protea Flowers

I bought Protea Flowers from South Africa.
She used them to break my cheekbone.
I married her immediately.
She boiled and drank my flowers.
I sang righteously about the veldt.
How sound elongated the petty dark.
She said: I want you to practice
being in coma until our piano shutters.
Cradled in a hydrogen nest of blankets,
her music made my sleep twitch.
She glued butter knives to my stomach.
She said: Don't let me catch you taking a seat.
I complained: Hide your shoes in another
closet if you're going to talk to me.
She moved into the tub, one place I'd never
been and refused to go. Cleaners had to
wax the echo of her lisp from the bathroom
walls. I said I'll see you in court.
She franchised my tears.
Poured out all my African waters.
The judge granted weekend visitation.
Sobbing wasn't in my contract.

On My Grave

gross sky of products
she lisped songs I didn't know
her hair smelled like blankets
of dice she played
craps in her sleep
threatened to drop a piano
on my grave bent
here so good
someone else's heaven
told me lies
such as I love
whatever goes into
hiding my dentistry
is a fracture that sings
which sentence sounds
false the best or defines
the cheapness of your
throat if I insert
a pistol or my tongue
if my eyes close
your ghetto is talking

Some Cheese

We share a bed, not a paycheck.
Your lipids are runny.
Now that we're friends,
take a shower.
I hope you wear off.
I hate when you stand.
There, I said it.
Anachronistic baby carriage.
I said that too.
A fine pillow of blood
you've drunk us into.
Smells like many rhythms advancing.
Your jalapeno clansmen are
victims of my PIN number.
Feed my erection words like ouch
or permanently give up talking.
Now that we're friends
sit down. Some advice:
your advice sucks.
Fill a helmet with yogurt
jump in and I will
put you on forever.
They'll write fortune
cookies about us.
Some advice: shake my hand.
For a living.

Mockery

you mud our culture with tears
my grin like an alphabet of cancer
my belly button
gouged shadow of mtv
my hands need to be filled
with more than other hands

you tip the stern with hips
make noises like a cut-out muscle
twitching in the bathtub
your roots are nowhere friendly
you drag one sticky leg
down the plaster
instead of going to mapquest

you cross the petal spine
i lay pollen in
your tummy holds
my tongue as a
falling brick whispers
love it bleaches
your pretty head

Skinny Dan's Pelt Emporium

I sell my strut for Frankincense
and I sell my strut for Mir
and into this mash potato world
I launch a little kidney,
I launch a little U-Haul princess
at the feet of a grand piano
being worked from both ends.
No one calls me Jesus
in my own store.

You are dying to sound pretty
through the cellophane,
my aching wallet.

Born to be a purse.
Born to be a taxidermy strut queen.
Born to keep me warm.

I only want to sell
a little you.

young woman's complaint to her intemperate roommates

which one of you gave my sister tennis elbow
and nailed the blinds shut
closed the refrigerator door on Pooky's tail
put dishes under car tires for a block
all our neighbors are pigs
written in lipstick
mine
across Mrs. Bottleby's greenhouse
and cigarette butts stuck to the ceiling
gramma's lazy boy
mutilated by patches of still-hot jism
everything's tinted yellow

i'm just sick of
dog-kennel toilets imprisoned on the front lawn
the dried-grey mush of communist manifestos
splattered over the kitchen cabinets
wads of lice-infested pubic hair
leaping from every corner
severed genital warts on the dining room table
a sheet of raw flakes
breakfast for a starving disease
why don't you all move out or
i'll go away

there'll be no more human yelps
knocking the dust up
no more shining underwear
or elephant gun farts with giggling
i'll find love or something serious and
no more waves of cat piss
surfing up my nose forever
no more sheet metal snoring
no more drunks when i'm
naked by the couch
beer on my canvas
no more people

First Thoughts of a Dehydrated Journalist Visiting the Jonestown Remains

the dead
on call waiting
carry their rashes
to Jonestown and bloat
under dick-sized shadows
of tree branch

their bodies are questions
i flip off
my shoes
to answer
toes patting them down
like a Naugahyde pulse

apple-core faces
i lick the plastic rot
lay the final hubby
on telephone wires

my little mannequins
glued together with spaghetti

poor boys
frosted cocks
toothpaste veins

my clit is a backwards cylinder
filled with pennies

stiff there
colorless

not a single live tongue

no eyes
cold for rape
hopeless want
or explanation

raising their hands
in empty classrooms

to ask a rooster
if it thinks about dessert
before pecking

yes the social corpses
are sadly few

the beauty of rape is seen
coming out of the room
with slabs
and realizing what a great
misfortune it is
to be able...

one face
before the bullet connects
explosion receding the cheeks

a leaf-shaped tear
from the center jaw
flaps up sprinkling
bits of sharp enamel
pale fractions of tongue

the head jumping back
then forward
a nod at 1000mph

gravity curls its finger
and the blood comes

he flattens the high-grass
shivering like a sack
of wet shit

or a happy meal waiting
in the drive-through window
like true happiness

like years from now
how my children may spit:

“it has all been said more wisely
and there is nothing to do
but continue acting”

Hitler-Shaped Valentines

The way you hug me
there is a bruise for every heartbeat.

That recherché bloat because
you buy Hitler-shaped Valentines.

No stratosphere of PC talent
makes sense up your ass.

Statutory knapsacks clop
like a playground on my radar.

The vegan babysitter's over-confident
toenail polish enlivens my stool.

Just for shock value, she titty-fucks herself
in a giant thought-bubble of glucose.

Impoliteness

I wore the inoculated scowl of cities
 called myself into rooms where no one lived
and rioted piecemeal through the steadiest posture
 I remember making love to a gramophone
My shadow secreted penicillin
 before it was sucked gone and
spat up some girl's skirt like a pinball
 She proposed marriage
and I crashed into her with a shopping cart
 so we could feel better
I galloped into the library
 and was greeted with assassination
The librarian wrapped my head
 in a phosphorous towel
because I "looked like her son"
 My ears were too big for any race to love
I needed a lot of attention that year
 I had never been hugged from the correct angle
My hepatitis was so big I couldn't fit in the car
 I kept interrupting people with "The end"

Preface: Raconteur Program for the Freshly Castrated

Add three squirts of piano
to make the joke breathe.

Breathing is a last resort.

I have refused to sing in rooms
lapped dead by pale bodies.

Crucify my reflection with yeast.

Let my dying fancy pet the veins in your eyes
and I will believe your killing me is for the best.

A professional masochist will talk about love.

My tongue is a latent period
in need of scalpels.

This castration goes all the way up to eleven.

